



Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

RAISING HORSES IN MAINE.

"Horses will not thrive with you as upon the green hills of Vermont."

We quote the above text from a series of reports made by Mr. C. C. Coffin of West Bowdoin, N. H., in the October number of the *Journal of Agriculture*.

The writer is furnishing our friend King, the editor of the *Journal*, with "Notes on the New England States." His first number contained a very good description of the geological features of New England, and in his second number he confines his remarks to the present condition of agriculture in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, these States being on the same latitude. He undoubtedly intends to be candid and impartial in his views of the three States. He evidently considers Vermont principally an agricultural State, and that agriculture must always be her leading business.

New Hampshire, he thinks, must be "the manufacturing State;" but in regard to Maine he is quite undecided—somewhat in the fog.

He observes that "Maine never has been a State that could raise corn in large quantities; not that there are not some fine localities where large yields are obtained, but as a State, it cannot stand very high in that respect. The seasons are too short, and the humidity of the atmosphere too great, for successful crops of that cereal. In the raising of wheat or grasses, she is far ahead of either Vermont or New Hampshire."

Let us put a pin there, for we shall recur to this remark by and by. Again he says: "Maine will soon be under the necessity of doing something besides cutting down the forest." (That's true.) "What that something will be, is for her citizens to decide. It would be unwise and hazardous to say that she could or could not be an agricultural State." After further observations on New Hampshire and Vermont, he says, "I have thus hastily pointed out some of the natural tendencies of these States, with the design of showing what Maine can do, Vermont cannot do; and what New Hampshire is destined to be, cannot be the lot of either Maine or Vermont. If all these States go upon the same system, they will fail; but each with a system adapted to its geological condition, geographical position, and meteorological changes, can succeed."

"It would be equally foolish for Vermont to export hay, and equally unwise for Maine to attempt to raise horses to compete with Vermont."

• • • • "If you are away down East, and think of going into the horse business, perhaps you had better stop. Horses will not thrive with you as upon the green hills of Vermont."

Now we hold to the remark or advice above given, that the system of agriculture should conform to our geological condition, geographical position, and meteorological changes—but that there is any thing in either of these to forbid Maine from competing with Vermont, or all New England, in raising horses, is what we cannot at present subscribe to. If you go back to the point where we put down a pin, you will see our friend acknowledged that Maine, in the raising of wheat and grass, was far ahead of Vermont and New Hampshire. That is true, and he might have added, oats and other grains. Now what do you want better than grass and oats to raise horses upon? and if we are far ahead in these items, what hinders us from being far ahead of them in rearing horses? We are now far ahead of these States in raising working oxen, and when we quit lumbering so extensively as we now do, and turn our attention more exclusively to agriculture, it will be seen we can raise colts equal in numbers, and equally fat, frisky and handsome, as can be found upon the green hills of Vermont.

If our friend will take pains to come "away Down East," and walk over the whole of Maine, he will find her young, green, and awkward, but he will also find that she has extent of coast, and harbors enough, to enable her to build and accommodate more shipping than all the rest of New England. That she has streams and waterfalls enough to turn more wheels and drive more spindles than all the rest of New England; that she has more arable acres than any other individual State in New England, and pasture enough to feed more horses, cattle, and sheep, than any other individual State in New England. If you don't believe it, come and see.

see each other face to face, and exchange their views in a friendly and social way.

You all turn out and form the bulk of the assembly, when political conventions, or religious conventions, or temperance conventions are called, certainly you will not be backward in coming forward to swell the assembly, when sufficiently made, be strained into casks for use.

Ed.

LETTER FROM ALABAMA—NO. 3.

"Etimus omnes artes, que ad humanae pertinet, quadam communis vinculum habent, et quasi cognationem quodam inter se continentur." [Agric.

"For all the arts and sciences pertaining to life are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture."

So thought the old Roman, and so thinks everybody who thinks rightly on the subject. I am very anxious of being thought literary, and so must not be accused of pedantry for making so free use of the "old Dictionary." At the present day, when there is more thought than ever before, and when there are more thinking men, and women too, it is not strange that there should be more talkers and writers than thinkers. Which abundantly proves that the world is growing more and more convinced of the imperfection of human knowledge, since the better we know a thing the less we are inclined to talk about it. And in this inclination of the mind we see one of the wisest provisions of the Creator, since, if it were otherwise, there would soon be an end of all further research into the more hidden recesses of Nature. The above quotation will show that I not only think of my subject but am willing to use the light thrown upon it by the more enlightened ancients.

In the last letter, we found the farmer must know something of Divinity, Law, and Medicine. We did not mean professionally, as habit, custom, or the law of the land, can easily make him professional, without making him a thinker. But if he would be successful as a farmer, as far as personal ease, comfort, and the pleasures of life are concerned, he must have a deal of philosophy, by nature, or acquired by observation and study. And what he has by nature will serve him little, unless strengthened by constant use and application.

Now, to the arts and sciences. He need not be a painter, or sculptor,—no farther than to be able to whitewash his own buildings, and make an axe-handle or ox-yoke. But he should know something of drawing, besides making the master's profile on his slate, or his mate's on his back. He should learn enough of the principles of drawing to make him something of a draughtsman, for he will find abundant opportunity to use all the skill he may acquire in this art,—and still he may acquire, if properly instructed, all that will be useful, or necessary, at least, in two or three lessons, with great care. He must be ship-carenter, too, enough to model and make a decent hog's trough, and cooper enough to keep his swill-tub and barrels in repair. He must be carpenter, joiner, and mason enough to build all his outbuildings; but the building of his house, and the repairing of it, may be intrusted to proficients in these several trades. As to blacksmithing, he may learn enough of that trade from his philosophy and chemistry. But he must know how to make his own carts, harrows, drags, sleds, &c., and how to preserve them after they are made.

If it were more generally understood how destructive the chemical rays of the sunbeams are to all substances, of wood and metal, and especially after being moistened with dew only, we should not see so many farm-yards looking as though a hurricane had distributed the farming utensils about the premises,—a cart with the slate broken out, or side broken down, in one place; sleds, and harrows with the teeth rotting out, in another; plows and cultivators here, and hoes, shovels, axes, and chains there, and all going to decay faster than constant use would wear them. And thus all the expense of fitting up a new set of implements must be incurred almost yearly, or else the work must be half done with the old, with more labor, from gross carelessness, from neglecting to put up a temporary shed of slabs even, in which they might all be conveniently housed.

The farmer must be a civil engineer, to a considerable degree. He must be able to repair highways in the best manner, if he aspirates to the office of district surveyor: locate and build roads to his own lots most advantageously; construct bridges, drains and water-courses in the most durable and economical manner; be able to lay out his garden, and adorn it so that it may resemble a pleasure-ground more than a hog-yard;—and the farmer should cultivate an abundance of every vegetable that he can raise, and plant every shrub, rose and tree that the climate will allow to grow, and by a little attention to this, he may convert what often seems an isolated and dreary spot, the farm house, into a paradise. And, as he must be a botanist, aside from the irresistible humanizing power of flowers and plants, he can thus study their various habits, and the proper treatment of vegetables, plants and fruit trees. By being thus interested himself, his children will grow up in love with nature, and thus be led through nature up to nature's God." Don't omit anything, then, which will add one more attraction to the old homestead. The ancient bard delighted in and often sang of their rural retreat, because they actually possessed all these charms for them, but our modern poets find nothing here that inspires their song; and farmers can't pay them well enough to sing without the inspiration.

The farmer must also know something of the machine, which he can learn, however, by looking over your prices current weekly, and for his knowledge of foreign affairs, commerce, and navigation, he may consult the shipping list, the arrival of the regular steamships; and for more valuable information, he must read more attentively the first page of the *Maine Farmer*.

I shall be obliged to omit philosophy and chemistry until the next time, for I have much to say in behalf of chemistry—the necessity of its immediate introduction into the common school, in order that so much of the valuable chemical knowledge which you are continually introducing into your columns, may be more easily understood by those who are not yet fully acquainted with it.

The most speedy mode of converting cider into vinegar on a small scale, is to put a cask in a situation where it can be kept pretty warm all the winter. Place a small cask of cider by the cook stove and shake it occasionally. To make vinegar on a large scale, build a series of vats—one above the other, fill these vats with maple or mahogany shavings, or shavings of some wood that will not impart a taste to the cider, as pine shavings would. Keep the room warm, but not so warm as to evaporate the cider, and let your cider trickle slowly from vat to vat. If the shavings had been previously soaked in vinegar it will be better.

The use of the shavings is to divide the particles of the cider, to spread it out as it were, and expose it to the air, and thus cause it to absorb

more oxygen, which is the acidifying principle.

If once passing through the vats does not render it sour enough, it may be pumped up and caused to go the rounds again, and when sufficiently made, be strained into casks for use.

Ed.

For the *Maine Farmer*.

SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.

Mr. EDITOR:—Within the past few years,

much has been said and written upon concentrated manure as being the most economical for farmers and gardeners, as well as more convenient for transporting. Recently superphosphate of lime has attracted considerable attention, and many have put it to the test the past season;

but I am ignorant of the results of but a few trials.

I will, however, as far as I have made

trial of it, say that I have not realized near

what I had anticipated, and have not been able to perceive any plainly marked effects except

upon corn, and consider it too expensive to be

profitable for that crop. It may be that the

season has been unfavorable for it on account of dry weather, and that in favorable seasons it

may do better. It is what some say to be

superior to anything else as a manure, I

should be glad to find it out; but at present

strongly doubt its paying much interest to the

farmer. It is to be hoped that those who have

given it a fair trial will communicate the result,

whether successful or not.

D. TADER.

Vassarborg, Nov. 11th, 1853.

For the *Maine Farmer*.

A SHORT HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE.

Mr. EDITOR:—A short history of agriculture may be of interest and information to your readers. Though the items are detached, they are the result of some research, and are true but not complete. The first thing we have in history relating to farming, is the account given of Cain, that he was a "tiller of the ground." Abel "offered the firstlings of the flock," and Noah "began to be a husbandman, and planted a vineyard." After the Jews gained the promised land, they applied themselves to agriculture, and thus followed the example of their patriarchal ancestors, who were usually husbandmen and shepherds, and whose chief riches consisted in cattle and the fruits of the earth. Abram "was very rich in cattle, and Lot, who accompanied him, 'had flocks, and herds, and tents,' and the land was not able to bear them, so there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram and Lot, and they separated.

Lot had his choice and selected all the plain of Jordan, because "it was well watered everywhere," while Abram dwelt in the land of Canaan.

We learn that Jacob presented to his brother Esau, five hundred and eighty head of cattle. It was their great flock of cattle which, probably, made them in those times put such a value upon wells. Wells were of inestimable value in a country where it seldom rained, and where there were but few rivers or brooks. We may know in what esteem agriculture was held in those times, by reading the sacred writings. Moses was a shepherd. Samson was taken from the herd to be a judge in Israel, and Gideon from his threshing floor, and when Saul received the news of the danger to which the city of Jabesh Gilad was exposed, he was coming out of a field after the herd, notwithstanding he was a king: David was taken from feeding his eyes; Uziah digged many wells for he had much cattle, and he is said to have loved husbandry; Elisha was called from the plow to be a prophet, for Elijah found him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen, and there cast his mantle upon him.

The Carthaginians carried the art of farming to a higher degree than any nation contemporary, and Mago the Carthaginian general, wrote no less than twenty eight works on agricultural subjects, which were translated into Latin by an especial decree of a Roman Senate. Among the ancient Romans, the greatest praise that could be bestowed upon an illustrious character, was to say he was an industrious and judicious husbandman. Cato, who was a celebrated statesman, orator and general, and was covered with many honors, yet derived his greatest honor from having written a voluminous work on agriculture. Philosophers, statesmen, and nobles, in Europe, have not disdained to devote their attention to this most important topic. Some of the most important writings of the immortal Washington, were on agricultural topics.

Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, not to speak

of many others, have left their mark on the agricultural character of our country.

Various means have been adopted in all ages

to enrich the soil. The Jews were well

acquainted with the use of manures, and (though

Quano is a "new thing under the sun") they

knew the use of doves, dung as a valuable

manure, so much so, that on the occasion of the famine in Samaria, "the fourth part of a cubit of doves was sold for five pieces of silver, (II. Kings, vi, 25.) The dung of pigeons is

the dearest manure that the Persians use; and as they apply it almost entirely for the rearing of melons, it is probable, on that account, that the melons of Ispahan are so much finer than those of other cities. Pliny says that the invention of manures belongs to Augæus, who was a Grecian king. An ancient historian (*Theophrastus*) names six kinds of manures. Salt, either alone or mixed in the dunghill, is mentioned in the New Testament. John annually overflowed its banks, and left behind a rich deposit, to be used as manure.

The earliest mention made in the Old Testimony of a plow, is in Deut. xxi, 10, where the Israelites are prohibited from plowing with an ox and an ass together. The plow, says Horne, appears to have been furnished with a shoe and a coulter, probably not very unlike those still in use.

According to the testimony of travelers,

people of Asia Minor use goats of large size,

eight feet long and six inches at the larger end.

Hesiod mentions a plow consisting of three parts—the share-beam, the draught-pole, and the plow-hail, but historians are not agreed as to its precise form.

Cato says plows were of two kinds, one for strong, the other for light soil.

Varro mentions one with two mould-boards.

Pliny mentions a plow with one mould-board,

and others with a coulter. The method of

managing the ground and preparing it for tillage,

you may take brewers' yeast, any of the

newly invented nostrums of the day, and al-

though the cakes may be light, the taste of

buckwheat is almost imperceptible. My object

in bringing this matter before the public, is to

arrest the attention of the masters, and en-

courage them to produce the real Simon Pure,

and the same time to learn where the genuine

meal can be had. It is generally known that

the Bethlehemitans manufacture a very superior

article, but a limited purse cannot always go a

far in great measure.

The intelligent farmer being in reality the most

independent man in the world, should cultivate

a sense of independence and of self-respect.

third just before sowing time, when manures were applied.

The Romans seldom deviated from the practice of following. In general, a fallow and a year's crop succeeded each other. The prophet Jeremiah speaks of breaking up the fallow ground; and Isaiah asks, "Doth the plowman plow all day to sow?" Doth he open and break the clods of his ground? When he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast abroad the fitches and scatter the cumin, and cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed barley, and the rye in their places?" S. H. C.

Damariscotta, Nov. 1853.

THE DANCE OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

Borne by the restless winds along,

Where the sorrowful woodland grieves,

Hither and thither a fitful throng,

Merrily dance

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1855.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

Our readers are aware that, for some months past, "rumors of war" between Russia and Turkey, have been the burthen of every dispatch from Europe. More recently we have news of an actual conflict between the Turkish and Russian forces, and that the Turks gained the advantage.

Notwithstanding appearances in that section are dark and threatening, we have been of the opinion that there would be no very serious or long continued war between these two nations. There can be no doubt that the Emperor of Russia would like to take possession of Turkey. It would add to his strength and his power, and give him noble cities and ports on the Black sea and Mediterranean, affording him a fine outlet from his territory in that direction, and furnish him with great advantages of commerce, which he does not now possess. If nobody stood in the way of obtaining this but Turkey, he would probably soon come into possession of it, notwithstanding the Turks are strong in numbers, and will fight like tigers when called upon, in the name of their prophet, to defend their country.

But there are three great nations standing by and looking on with anxious eyes. England, France, and Austria, have something at stake in that question. They have more at stake, too, than the mere change of commercial relations, powerful as these may be, to induce them to interfere, and save the integrity and nationality of Turkey. England, especially, finds Turkey an excellent customer for her manufactures, and a fertile granary from which she can obtain a great variety of supplies in payment for her wares, and that, too, at a very cheap rate.

Let Russia get possession of that nation, and she would soon change the course of trade, and England and France would have to pay greatly enhanced duties for whatever they sent in, and be unable to obtain what they now do on the present easy terms. England is too shrewd to allow this if she can help it, either by diplomacy, by threats, or by a few hard knocks.

Nor is this all. The few years of comparative peace which the people of Europe have enjoyed since the wars of Napoleon, have given the common people time to think a little of themselves, and no small number of them have become enlightened in regard to the principles of political rights and the true theory of government. The recent outbreak in Hungary proves this. The crowned heads see and know this. They know that Kossuth is hovering about the confines of his beloved country, and that there are thousands and tens of thousands who are ready and anxious to strike another blow for freedom. They know that the principles of freedom have taken deep root in the hearts of thousands, who, though now quiet and orderly, would leap with joy to embrace an opportunity to trample crowns and crowned heads in the dust, and, if war should once really begin, with all its excitements, it would become general, and some of their thrones pass away like chaff before the whirlwind. Hence, not only the continuance of their governments, but their own personal safety, depends upon keeping Russia and Turkey quiet and within their own bounds, and every exertion will be made by them to do it.

We see by the news brought by the last arrival, that the exertions to effect this are not yet given up, and although there have been some skirmishes, and it is generally understood that the Russian government is disposed to relinquish its position on the terms proposed by the European powers, provided only that an opening for its retirement is judiciously made."

The Times, however, hints that this favorable position may be upset and negatived by the advent of the war now progressing.

The Morning Chronicle of the 8th inst., publishes a telegraphic despatch from Bucharest stating that Omar Pasha had received definite orders to suspend hostilities, and that direct negotiations for peace were going on at Vienna. A considerable rise in the funds had taken place, and the reports of the negotiations for an armistice were certainly going on.

A letter of the 24th, from Jasny, in the Trieste Zeitung, shows that the strength of the Russian army in the principalities has been much exaggerated. Instead of the 120,000 men which according to the standard number of the occupying corps, ought to be there, we learn that there are 75,000 men in Wallachia, and of the 6,000 in Moldavia, the greater part is in the south, at Berlad, Tekutsk, and Fokashan.

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DEATH FROM EXPOSURE. On Thursday last, a man by the name of Asa Hoxie, of Sidney, came into this city with a son of his, and while we, learn, procured some liquor, with which he started to return home. On the way, as he seemed inclined to be quarrelsome, the son got out of the wagon and walked on ahead, leaving his father to follow. After proceeding a short distance, the old man got out and hitched the horse to a fence, and kept on afoot, but when near Brackett's Corner, he seated himself by the side of the road, where he was seen and urged to ride home but refused, alleging that he was waiting for his team to come along. In the morning he was found dead from the exposure. The horse remained hitched to the fence until morning, when he was taken to a stable by a person who lived near the place where he was hitched. Mr. Hoxie leaves a family.

THANKSGIVING IN BANGOR. The poor in Bangor were not forgotten on the occasion of the late festival of Thanksgiving. We see by the Mercury, that the Marshal of Bangor distributed provisions to 119 families, to enable them to eat a Thanksgiving dinner. Among other things included in the above distribution, we note the following:—65 geese, 34 turkeys, 4 ducks, 134 pounds of chickens, 214 pounds of raisins, 214 bushels of apples, and 3 bushels of potatoes.

THE NICKETY OF THE LAW. In the celebrated case of "Bellum versus Boatum," we recollect that one of the advocates pronounced the law to be "as nice as a new laid egg." A recent decision of Judge Curtis of the United States court, seems to confirm this affirmation. An exchange paper says:—

Judge Curtis, in his charge to the grand jury, at the opening of the circuit court at Providence, R. I., on Tuesday morning, decided that the crops in Aroostook, the past season, were good. Mr. S. says: "Hay and oats are bringing a good price to supply lumbering teams, and some farmers have already contracted to sell their oats for 50 cents, per thirty pounds, cash. Some hay has been sold for \$10 per ton. It is now worth from \$12 to \$14. There is to be a large amount of lumbering carried on in this region, the coming winter. Hay and grain will probably be scarce, as there is no old hay in the country."

A DISHONEST COMMISSIONER. The Commissioner of the German department of the New York Crystal Palace, Charles Edward Weller, was arrested last week for stealing a bottle of perfume from the French Department. Many stolen articles were found at his lodgings.

CROPS, &c., IN AROOSTOOK. We learn from a letter from Mr. Hiriam Stevens, of Maple Grove, that the crops in Aroostook, the past season, were good. Mr. S. says: "Hay and oats are bringing a good price to supply lumbering teams, and some farmers have already contracted to sell their oats for 50 cents, per thirty pounds, cash. Some hay has been sold for \$10 per ton. It is now worth from \$12 to \$14. There is to be a large amount of lumbering carried on in this region, the coming winter. Hay and grain will probably be scarce, as there is no old hay in the country."

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS. We would give notice to our subscribers in Cumberland County that they will be called upon, during the present month, by Mr. S. N. Tans, who is duly authorized to receive subscriptions and money for the Maine Farmer.

NOTE OF AGRI-CULTURE. We learn that the Picataquis Co. Central Ag. and Hort. Society have chosen Hon. Daniel Chase, of Atkinson, as Member of the Board of Agriculture.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SIMILITUDINES.—By Lucy Larcom. John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, publishers. A beautiful little duodecimo with the above title has just been issued from the press of Jewett & Co. It is beautifully written, beautifully illustrated, and beautifully printed. Lucy has clothed her similitudes in pure and simple language, and every one of them conveys a valuable moral.—Here is a specimen:—

THE BUTTERFLY IN THE DUST.

A butterfly was lying, half dead, in a dusty road. Then some stately trees on either hand, whose branches seemed sprinkled with ashes. These bloomed pallidly by the roadside, and the grass was longer its vivid, vernal hue. The golden sun shone in pell-mell splendor over a ray which rapidly reached the pencil-like tint on the wings of the poor insect, they were so beclouded and dimmed.

Was this the butterfly's home? No; it had left its cool, forest glen, where the birds sing, and the pines stand, in search of pleasanter hours and brighter skies. As it lay panting, then lifted its wings to fly, fluttering, and was buried in the dust.

Having ever seen a soul, a Heaven-born one, affected by earthly prosperity, dying of too much sunshine, its pinions clanged and weighed down by the drowsy aches men call gold, until it could not even flutter towards immortality? It was a butterfly in the dust.

Now JOURNAL. We have received the November number of this periodical. It is published monthly at No. 75 Nassau St., N. Y.

It purports to be an "illustrated literary periodical," and from the numbers already issued we have no hesitation in awarding it a high rank, both in point of literary and artistic merit.

The article, in the number before us, on the agricultural and pastoral life of Australia, is handsomely illustrated and very interesting.—Among other articles we notice the continuations of "The Star Chamber," an historical romance by Ainsworth, and "Lives of the Queens of England," by J. F. Smith, both handsomely illustrated. Also, an article on the "Revolutionary Martyrs of the New York Priests," with an engraving of the beautiful monument to their memory, now erected in Trinity Churchyard. The Journal contains 64 pages, quarto form, and is afforded at the low price of \$1.50 per annum, or four copies for \$5. Address P. Orvis, 75 Nassau St., N. Y.

PATENTS. In the list of patents for the week ending Nov. 22, we find the following issued to New Englanders:—

STILLMAN A. CLEMENS of Springfield, Mass., for improvement in ventilating railroad cars; Oliver A. Kelly of Woonsocket, R. I., for improvement in lemons; Elizur Sampson of Cornish, N. H., for improvement in platform scales; Willard B. Cummings of Tyngsborough, Mass., and Nathan P. Dudson of Chelmsford, Mass., assignors to Willard B. Cummings of Tyngsborough, Mass., N. P. Dudson of Chelmsford, Mass., and Charles A. Blood of North Chelmsford, Mass., for improvement in machines for dressing mill-stones.

NEW THEME FOR YANKEE CURIOSITY. Bickley in his West American Review, commenting on the Turkish question, says: "If the war becomes general, we may reasonably expect the United States to participate in it. American curiosity wishes to see and realize, how fighting in the heart of Europe will set on the Yankee stomachs; they seem to manifest a desire to hear how Yankee Doodle would sound in Vienna.

SHIP BUILDING AT HALLOWELL. This branch of business is being carried on with vigor in our sister city. We see by the Gazette that a load of oak ship timber from Virginia arrived at Hallowell recently, and that other vessels with timber are expected. Four keels will soon be laid in the different ship-yards of that city. This is good news for Hallowell, and we are glad to note her prosperity.

SOMERSET AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD. The work of grading this road is now going on for nearly its entire length. The Skowhegan Clarion states, that a large gang of hands commenced work in Bloomington on Monday of last week. The bridge across the river, at this place, is progressing, and we learn will be put up before spring.

THE LAST ONE OUT. The following is the latest, in the way of conundrums, that we have seen. We give Russia Salve the benefit of the full implied gratuity. Here it is:—

"If the Great Republic of Mr. McKay were to become sound in her timbers, why would the Russian Salve be beneficial?" Because "twould cure her hull-sir—(ulcer.)"

NARROW ESCAPE. The Machiasport correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says:

"Three gentlemen, belonging to Machias, hired a sail boat here one day last week, and were doing the river in an excursion boat when they fell in with an English pilot-boat on Friday, the 18th—the boat partly filled with water, and they apparently in quite an exhausted state—and brought to this port."

WINTER NAVIGATION. We see by newspaper accounts, that the steamer Ocean will run this winter, once a week, between the Penobscot and Boston, via Portland. The steamer Penobscot is withdrawn. The Ocean will continue her trips between Hallowell and Boston, as long as the ice will permit.

FIRE IN BREWER. We learn from the Bangor Courier, that a saw mill owned by William Jackson, was burned on Friday night, 18th ult., in Brewer, on the Gardner Moulton Street. The mill was left at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and was discovered to be on fire at about eight. The amount of the loss is not known, but the property was insured for \$600.

LADY SUFFOLK. This renowned mare, who made as good, or better time than any other horse on the turf, we see has recently been purchased by a Mr. Hannington of Santago, at the price of \$1500. He intends to withdraw her from the turf, and keep her as a pet among his livery horses. Well, the old mare has done well, and is entitled to a respite from labor.

THANKSGIVING IN BANGOR. The poor in Bangor were not forgotten on the occasion of the late festival of Thanksgiving. We see by the Mercury, that the Marshal of Bangor distributed provisions to 119 families, to enable them to eat a Thanksgiving dinner. Among other things included in the above distribution, we note the following:—65 geese, 34 turkeys, 4 ducks, 134 pounds of chickens, 214 pounds of raisins, 214 bushels of apples, and 3 bushels of potatoes.

THE NICKETY OF THE LAW. In the celebrated case of "Bellum versus Boatum," we recollect that one of the advocates pronounced the law to be "as nice as a new laid egg." A recent decision of Judge Curtis of the United States court, seems to confirm this affirmation. An exchange paper says:—

Judge Curtis, in his charge to the grand jury, at the opening of the circuit court at Providence, R. I., on Tuesday morning, decided that the crops in Aroostook, the past season, were good. Mr. S. says: "Hay and oats are bringing a good price to supply lumbering teams, and some farmers have already contracted to sell their oats for 50 cents, per thirty pounds, cash. Some hay has been sold for \$10 per ton. It is now worth from \$12 to \$14. There is to be a large amount of lumbering carried on in this region, the coming winter. Hay and grain will probably be scarce, as there is no old hay in the country."

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS. We would give notice to our subscribers in Cumberland County that they will be called upon, during the present month, by Mr. S. N. Tans, who is duly authorized to receive subscriptions and money for the Maine Farmer.

NOTE OF AGRI-CULTURE. We learn that the Picataquis Co. Central Ag. and Hort. Society have chosen Hon. Daniel Chase, of Atkinson, as Member of the Board of Agriculture.

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

SIMILITUDINES.—By Lucy Larcom. John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, publishers. A beautiful little duodecimo with the above title has just been issued from the press of Jewett & Co. It is beautifully written, beautifully illustrated, and beautifully printed. Lucy has clothed her similitudes in pure and simple language, and every one of them conveys a valuable moral.—Here is a specimen:—

WEAVING.

A butterfly was lying, half dead, in a dusty road. Then some stately trees on either hand, whose branches seemed sprinkled with ashes. These bloomed pallidly by the roadside, and the grass was longer its vivid, vernal hue. The golden sun shone in pell-mell splendor over a ray which rapidly reached the pencil-like tint on the wings of the poor insect, they were so beclouded and dimmed.

Was this the butterfly's home? No; it had left its cool, forest glen, where the birds sing, and the pines stand, in search of pleasanter hours and brighter skies. As it lay panting, then lifted its wings to fly, fluttering, and was buried in the dust.

Having ever seen a soul, a Heaven-born one,

affected by earthly prosperity, dying of too much sunshine, its pinions clanged and weighed down by the drowsy aches men call gold, until it could not even flutter towards immortality? It was a butterfly in the dust.

Now JOURNAL. We have received the November number of this periodical. It is published monthly at No. 75 Nassau St., N. Y.

It purports to be an "illustrated literary periodical," and from the numbers already issued we have no hesitation in awarding it a high rank, both in point of literary and artistic merit.

The article, in the number before us, on the agricultural and pastoral life of Australia, is handsomely illustrated and very interesting.—Among other articles we notice the continuations of "The Star Chamber," an historical romance by Ainsworth, and "Lives of the Queens of England," by J. F. Smith, both handsomely illustrated. Also, an article on the "Revolutionary Martyrs of the New York Priests," with an engraving of the beautiful monument to their memory, now erected in Trinity Churchyard. The Journal contains 64 pages, quarto form, and is afforded at the low price of \$1.50 per annum, or four copies for \$5. Address P. Orvis, 75 Nassau St., N. Y.

PATENTS. In the list of patents for the week ending Nov. 22, we find the following issued to New Englanders:—

STILLMAN A. CLEMENS of Springfield, Mass., for improvement in ventilating railroad cars; Oliver A. Kelly of Woonsocket, R. I., for improvement in lemons; Elizur Sampson of Cornish, N. H., for improvement in platform scales; Willard B. Cummings of Tyngsborough, Mass., and Nathan P. Dudson of Chelmsford, Mass., assignors to Willard B. Cummings of Tyngsborough, Mass., N. P. Dudson of Chelmsford, Mass., and Charles A. Blood of North Chelmsford, Mass., for improvement in machines for dressing mill-stones.

NEW THEME FOR YANKEE CURIOSITY. Bickley in his West American Review, commenting on the Turkish question, says: "If the war becomes general, we may reasonably expect the United States to participate in it. American curiosity wishes to see and realize, how fighting in the heart of Europe will set on the Yankee stomachs; they seem to manifest a desire to hear how Yankee Doodle would sound in Vienna.

SHIP BUILDING AT HALLOWELL. This branch of business is being carried on with vigor in our sister city. We see by the Gazette that a load of oak ship timber from Virginia arrived at Hallowell recently, and that other vessels with timber are expected. Four keels will soon be laid in the different ship-yards of that city. This is good news for Hallowell, and we are glad to note her prosperity.

SOMERSET AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD. The work of grading this road is now going on for nearly its entire length. The Skowhegan Clarion states, that a large gang of hands commenced work in Bloomington on Monday of last week. The bridge across the river, at this place, is progressing, and we learn will be put up before spring.

THE LAST ONE OUT. The following is the latest, in the way of conundrums, that we have seen. We give Russia Salve the benefit of the full implied gratuity. Here it is:—

"If the Great Republic of Mr. McKay were to become sound in her timbers, why would the Russian Salve be beneficial?" Because "twould cure her hull-sir—(ulcer.)"

NARROW ESCAPE. The Machiasport correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says:

"Three gentlemen, belonging to Machias, hired a sail boat here one day last week, and were doing the river in an excursion boat when they fell in with an English pilot-boat on Friday, the 18th—the boat partly filled with water, and like Robinson Crusoe during the winter—building huts for their residence, and living upon the game which their gun might bring to them. They had proceeded as far as Atterborough, and stopped at the hotel, when the landlord suspected that they were runaways and questioned them somewhat closely, when two of them ran away, but the third, the son of Lemuel B. Shepard, was detained and returned to his parents yesterday (Tuesday). The boy had one gun for the whole party to go by, and was not altogether failed, has afforded such extreme scandal returns that the papers are lamenting most bitterly the calamities which cannot but follow the unfortunate failure.

THE COMMUNITY ROMANCE.

The Providence (R. I.) Post, tells the following good one of some youngsters of that city, who were possessed with a desire to play Robinson Crusoe in the woods of Maine. We rather think that it would not have taken many weeks of the boy's time to get the hang of the art, and to instruct the other members of the party to do the same.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.



ARRIVAL OF THE CANADA.

The steamship Canada with seven days later news from Europe arrived at Boston on Saturday. The news, as will be seen is quite important, and looks decidedly warlike. We make the following abstract:—

GREAT BRITAIN. The British fleet at Spithead is ordered to be ready for sea on the 11th, but its destination has not been stated. The British and Czarina's Court are held on the receipt of the Indian intelligence, the result of the deliberations did not transpire.

The weather in England has been very favorable for wheat sowing.

FRANCE. The trial of the conspirators of the *Opera Comique* plot was proceeding. It seems from the evidence to have been really a plot to assassinate the Emperor.

AUSTRIA. Austria is keeping strict watch on the movements of Servia, and is concentrating a force on that frontier, but otherwise remains neutral. The Servian Government, meanwhile, has ordered its population to arms, and has informed the Porte that neither Austria nor Russia will be permitted to occupy Servia.

Reschid Pacha has informed Austria that Turkey will expect the Austrian government to prohibit the Russians from supplying the Montenegrins with arms through the port of Calatrava.

It is said that Austria offers to receive entire force of the Montenegrins from employing Austrian refugees in the army. As Hungaria holds high commands in the Turkish army, the Porte is likely to refuse to accede to the terms, although not employing them in Europe.

Russia and Turkey. Russia has declared war against Turkey. The Czar has issued the following manifesto:—

"By the grace of God!—We, Nicholas the 1st, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias—By our command of the 14th of June, we present to the world the following subjects of the motives which made it incumbent on us to demand from the Ottoman Porte inviolable guarantees in favor of the sacred rights of the Orthodox church. We at the same time announced to them that our efforts to secure the Porte to the cause of amicable pacification, settlement of equity, and a faithful observance of treaties, had remained fruitless; and that, consequently, we deemed it indispensable to order our troops to arms."

Finally, the Porte has issued a decree that the Porte would confer its arms and would resolve to give satisfaction to our just reclamations. Our expectations have been realized. It is well known that the great powers of Europe are embarrassed by exactions to shake the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman government. It is by a declaration of war—

by a proclamation replete with foul accusations against the Porte that we replied to the partial effort of the Porte.

Finally, the Porte has issued a decree that it is firmly convinced that our faithful subjects will in the fervent prayer which we addressed to the Most High that they may dare to bleed our arms in their cause, and can which has all the time been fervent defenders in our pious ancestors.

[*To the Delegates of the National Assembly of France.*—*No confidante in eternum.*—*Done at Barskoi the 20th day of October (3d November) in the year of Grace 1853, and the 25th year reign.*—*NICHOLAS.*"]

The following official telegraphic despatch has been received:—

"The Consul of France at Bucharest, to the 2d De Bourgouyne.—November 6th. On the 2d and 3d of November the Turks crossed the Danube from Turtukoi to Oitenitz, to the number of about 18,000 men. On the 4th, General Parof attacked them with 9000 men, and after a brisk cannonade, a combat of bayonets took place between the two armies. The Turks maintained their positions at Oitenitz, and have fortified them. The combat lasted three hours; in it the Russians lost six superior officers and 136 privates killed, and six inferior officers, 18 subalterns, and 170 men wounded. The loss on the Turkish side is not known.

Four thousand Turks have occupied Kalavache, and 2000 more have established themselves on an island in front of Guigvori, whilst 12,000 men are in Lesser Wallachia.

A private account of this battle, dated at Vienna, says:—

"Another engagement has ensued in which fourteen superior Russian officers fell. The Turks remained masters of the field; and the Russians were repulsed. But the Porte, in order to avert a battle, the Turks had constructed a building and *tete de pont* at Kalavache, which served as a basis of their operations. It appears that Omar Pacha crossed at three points with 18,000 men: 12,000 at Oitenitz: 4000 at Kalavache, and 2000 at Guigvori. Skirmishes continually occurred at the outposts.

Before the crossing of the Danube, a body of Cossacks came to the river bank, and made signs of insult to the Egyptians, who rushed to their boats, rowed up the river in the face of the surprised foe, and having punished them well, chasing them some distance inland, returned in triumph to their camp.

There are reports of several other movements of the Turks at different points along the Danube; also the destruction of a Russian steamer at Horsova; but these reports, though probable, do not rest on authority sufficient to state facts. Among others is the following:—

Constantinople. Oct. 11. Lebanon is disturbed. Selim Pacha has crossed the Russian frontier in Asia, and a battle has taken place near Balatoun. 5000 men were engaged, and both armies fell back as night came on. In the second battle at Aska the Russians were defeated.

Oct. 20. Masko Bay, an officer of Selim Pacha's staff, with a small force, was suddenly attacked by a body of Russian cavalry; fell back, fighting, towards the main body of the Turkish army, and a battle speedily became general. Finally, the Russians were beaten in the affair. After hard fighting, the Russians were defeated and fled, pursued by the Turks, who planted the Sultan's standard, and made their quarters at the Russian position of Orelia, eight hours distance from Cirovrock, where the battle began. The Russian force, which was still defeated, and beating back to Bucharest, was the main body of the Russian army.

The accident on the ATLANTIC & ST. L. ROAD. A collision occurred on this road on Friday evening last, near North Paris, between the outward and inward freight trains. The trains were drawn by the locomotives *Vermont* and *Cumberland*. The Vermont was injured to the amount of \$200 to \$300—the Cumberland very slightly, the engineer having reversed his engine, and thus got into the train in motion before the collision. This engine will be put into service again. The engineers and firemen of both trains jumped off before the collision and were not hurt. The freight cars were more or less injured, and the trains detained, the train not arriving till 2 o'clock Saturday morning. [Portland Argus, 28th.]

COAL IN INDIA. There are in India 77,000 miles of coal beds. In Great Britain a single square mile of coal area produces annually 267,000 tons of coal. Her whole coal output exceeds India's by 200,000 square miles, but the annual production is 31,500,000 tons, and the total production of India, with energy competing with hers, are capable of approaching her productions within 11,000,000 tons, yielding yearly 20,275,150 tons of the mineral; exceeding the present annual product of the whole United States some 16,000,000 tons, and approaching nearly one-half of the total product of the world; for the mines of the Union yield but about 5,000,000, and the mines of the world but about 50,000,000 tons annually. [New Albany (Ind.) Tribune.]

MORE COUNTERFEITS. Marshal Walker last week obtained information which led to the suspicion that a man named Jabez Upham, of Liberty, was acting as agent of a gang of counterfeiters, to dispose of their counterfeit money in this State. Mr. Walker proceeded to Belfast, where a warrant was obtained against Upham, and, in company with the Sheriff, went to Liberty, and the next day, a battle speedily became general. Finally, the Russians were beaten in the affair. After hard fighting, the Russians were defeated and fled, pursued by the Turks, who planted the Sultan's standard, and made their quarters at the Russian position of Orelia, eight hours distance from Cirovrock, where the battle began. The Russian force, which was still defeated, and beating back to Bucharest, was the main body of the Russian army.

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The Muse.

THE TOAST.

The feast is o'er—Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest,
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

The cup rose here the noble host,
And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladye fair.
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Stanton's proud and beauteous dame—
The Ladye Gundamore!"

Then to his feast each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
As Stanley gave the word:
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the ladye of his heart,
Like gallant knights and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And bowed in turn his brimming cup,
And spumed the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His ladye's grace or beauty praised,
Her constance and fame.

Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise,
On him falls the round countess eyes—
A gallant knight he is;
Envied by some, adored by all,
Fas fanned in ladye's bower, and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead."

To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
So holy 't is true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest uttered at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye,
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breath her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then beat his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said: "My Mother!"

The Story-Teller.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A TALE OF UNION AND DISUNION.

PART I.

The merchant of Millbrook, dying, left three sons to inherit his estate. This was the most valuable property in the village, consisting of an extensive country store,—the only one in the place, a handsome farm, and a very excellent grist mill.

On his death-bed, the merchant called his three sons to his side, and said:

"I am about to die, and I shall have made myself ready to leave this world in peace, when I have given you the advice of an old and experienced man, and a father's blessing.

"I leave to you, considerately, which I hope you will know how to appreciate and enjoy. I take the more pleasure in bestowing upon you this fruit of my industry, since I have the satisfaction of feeling that, in accumulating wealth, I have never knowingly wronged a living being, nor ever deviated from the path of rectitude. And oh, my sons, consider, now, what a heavy burden of guilt upon my soul this wealth would be at this time, did my conscience tell me it had been purchased at the expense of my own uprightness, and the happiness of my fellow beings! Consider, too, how much better it would be to die in honest poverty, than in the midst of ill-got riches; and in all your dealings with mankind, remember the earnest counsel of a dying father,—to just to your neighbor, and keep your conscience clean."

After giving utterance to much more advice of the same description, to which his sons listened with pious attention, the old man said:

"I have made my will, according to the best of my judgment, and in the sincerity of my love. In this I have not considered the interest of one more than that of another; and I am sure you will respect your father's memory too much to murmur at his last worldly dispensation."

The young men joined in assurance of veneration for the old man, love for each other, and pious submission to his will. Then the merchant of Millbrook continued:

"You, Richard, my first-born,—the beloved of your mother, whom I am going to join in another world—you, for whom I first experienced a father's joy and a mother's tenderness, you have a just claim to be considered first."

Richard pressed the old man's hand, and Joseph and James bowed in silent acknowledgment of their father's justice.

"To you, Richard," pursued the dying man, "I give the farm, with everything pertaining to it, except the land on the farther side of the stream, which I think should properly belong to the mill. You have a sanguine temperament; Richard: you are very fond of air and exercise, and I am sure the action of a farmer's life will suit you better than anything else."

"You, Joseph, have a mechanical genius. You have, always taken delight in the machinery about the mill, for the management of which you are well suited. Accordingly I have given it to you with all its dependencies, and the land belonging to it."

"You, my dear James, have a talent for trade. You shall be a merchant, after your father. The store and the village lots, which naturally go with it, I give to you."

"And now, oh my sons, hear my latest counsel. Although your property is divided, let not your hearts be divided also. Labor together, and for your mutual good, as you have always done till now. United, you will be strong; divided, the world will discover your weakness. No, my dear sons, be not divided. Richard shall raise grain in abundance, and he shall share it with his brothers; for Joseph shall grind it, and James shall offer his store freely to both. And so may ye live, oh my sons, in love, in integrity, in mutual faith; and so may Heaven bless you, as I bless you now."

The death of old Richard Blane took place in the family mansion, which appertained to the store, and, which now became the property of James, the youngest son. Here the brothers had always lived, and here they continued to live after the merchant's death; for James would not permit either Richard or Joseph to leave him, although both the farm and the mill estate occupied houses almost as comfortable in size as that belonging to the store.

"No, no, boys," James would say, "you

must not leave the old family mansion, as long as we all remain bachelors. You are within a quarter of a mile of your farm, Richard; near enough, you are such a walker; and I am sure it is better to give up the entire farmhouse to your tenants, than to think of going to live there yourself. And as for you, Joe, I am sure that, with so good a miller in your employment as Mr. Mitchell, and so large a family in your house as supports, you may be contented to remain here for the present. I think we will be happier together, than we ever can be separated; and now, if like, I will make a bargain with you. We will live here as long as we remain bachelors; and the one that takes a wife first shall take his brothers with him."

The young men agreed to this proposition, and laughed at it, too; for it really seemed absurd to think of three such confirmed bachelors ever taking unto themselves wives. Indeed, James named this condition merely to keep his brothers with him always; and they, understanding it so, kindly honored his conceit.

For five years, Richard, Joseph, and James lived together in the most perfect peace and happiness, to the marvel of all Millbrook; but more especially of the excellent old housekeeper. She declared that she had never in her wide experience, seen anything like the love of those brothers. Meanwhile the farm flourished, and the mill ground out grists of gold, and plentiful were the profits of the merchant's trade.

PART II.

In many things the brothers resembled each other; but still no two were much alike. Richard, the farmer, was of medium height, muscular and of ruddy complexion. He was naturally quick tempered, hasty in speech, generous in his friendship, and openly bitter in his enmity.

Joseph, the miller, was tall, athletic, with round shoulders, thin cheeks, a massive fore-head and a thoughtful blue eye. He was nervous in his motions, sensitive in his feelings, profound in thought; but he differed most from Richard, in the perfect command he appeared to have over his temper—which was not naturally less violent than his elder brother's.

James resembled one as much as the other—and no more. He was small in stature, active, cheerful, good-looking and amiable. He was generous as Richard and mild as Joseph the miller.

It was very beautiful to observe the forbearance of Joseph and James towards Richard, in frequent outbursts of passion. Scarcely ever did they offer him the mildest reproof, although sometimes his temper was hardly to be borne—as we shall see.

It frequently happened, in the spring of the year, that the stream which formed the water-power of Joseph's mill, became so swollen with freshets, that the waste-weir was scarcely sufficient to carry away the superfluous water. At such times, the mill was usually kept in motion night and day; but even then, it was not an uncommon circumstance for the mill pond to overflow a portion of Richard's land.

The conversation of his companions aroused James from his reflections. The party walked leisurely to the auction, and soon after, the sale commenced.

The widow Wilson was more benefitted by patriotism in Millbrook, that day, I am afraid, than anybody else. The auction affair was more creditable to humanity, and more beneficial to society, too, than all the gun-firing, drinking, and fighting at the "Training," and all the marching hand-in-hand, eating cakes and raisins, and hearing dull speeches, at the "S. S. Celebration." People bid generously; everything went up at a high figure. James bought a horse at ninety-three dollars,—certainly all he was worth—and "bid off" a great variety of other articles, without much hope of being able to dispose of them at a profit. Richard, too, showed his patriotism, for he bought a harness, a calf, and some farming utensils; and Deacon Smith's house was a mere nothing compared to what they have been herefore."

After the auction sale, or vendue, as it was called, was over, the patriots of Millbrook gathered in groups, to discuss politics and the weather, and to offer vague surmises touching the prosperity of the nation, and the widow Wilson: when a cry of surprise and wonder called attention to a glare in the western sky, in the direction of the village.

"Fire! Fire!" exclaimed the awe-stricken crowd.

The placid groups were in an instant heaving to and fro in consternation. People rushed in every direction, and the few who had come on horseback or in vehicles made preparations to depart. Each man seemed to think it was his own house which was burning; and the utmost confusion prevailed.

James was holding the horse he had purchased and which he was going to lead home by the halter. The animal was wild—he snorted and plunged, and it was with difficulty James could hold him. The young man was in a state of great perplexity and alarm. Anxious as he was to fly to the fire, he dared not attempt to ride without a bridle. Just then, Richard hurried past him. James remembered seeing him hit off to ride; Richard so, but rebuked him severely for his overbearing manner.

"I don't think I shall rebuild it any sooner for your domineering," he said, dryly.

"You won't!" muttered Richard, through lips ashy pale with passion. "Perhaps you mean to ruin my crops every year same as I do?"

"I have told you, hundreds of times, that you ought to have the waste-wir fixed!" exclaimed Richard angrily. Now your carelessness has ruined the crop I set the most by. If it had been your field, on the opposite side, which was in danger, this would not have happened!"

The sensitive Joseph was deeply hurt by the rebuke of a master so sternly applied.

"Brother you wrong me. I am sorry—" "It is very well to be sorry after a misfortune has happened through your carelessness!"

"Now tell me if you please, whether you intend to rebuild that waste-wir or not?"

Joseph could scarcely control his anger at his brother's overbearing manner.

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Richard sprang to assist them, and the three brothers suffered the consequences of their unnatural separation. Richard now carried his guest to another mill, and it was through his influence that Joseph lost much custom. Then both the older brothers went to a great distance out of their way to make their store purchases at Brownsville and Smithtown, instead of obtaining their goods of James for thirty per cent. less than they paid elsewhere. Moreover James no longer had Richard's produce and Joseph's flour to trade upon; but others enjoyed the profit while the brothers were enjoying the quarrel.

Thus matters went on for more than a year—James anxiously waiting for Richard or Joseph to make the first advances towards a reconciliation: they waiting for each other, and the three making themselves as miserable as possible.

PART III.

It was the fourth of July, and Millbrook was like a great besiege. The militia were out, bayoneted glittered in the sun, the roar of artillery filled the air, and a vast quantity of bad rum was consumed in the ardor of patriotism. All good children went to the "Fourth of July Sunday-School Celebration," ate crackers and raisins and heard an unintelligible address from the Rev. Mr. Wetwhistle, while bad boys performed the "Independence Training," and the women, the "Women's Independence Training," and the girls, the "Children's Independence Training."

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James resembled one as much as the other—and no more. He was small in stature, active, cheerful, good-looking and amiable. He was generous as Richard and mild as Joseph the miller.

It was contrary to the custom of Millbrook to transact any business on the anniversary of our nation's independence; but a poor widow having a few household articles and farming utensils to dispose of, Millbrook had charitably offered to go and purchase them on fourth of July.

The same sale was at an old farm-house, three miles from the village: but notwithstanding the distance, James resolved to walk thither in company with a large party of his neighbors, who likewise went on foot. On his way the merchant perceived his two brothers, who were walking in the same direction, but with different parties; and when he reflected on the sad change which had taken place in his family within the last year and a half, he was very much down.

"Once we were as one man, in everything!" thought he. "We were strong—happy—and the world looked upon us with uncommon respect. Since we are divided, we are blameworthy; and the bond of our union is broken; we are weak, and the world looks upon us with contempt; we are despised, and the world despises us."

"Drive the horse under my shed," cried James, "and we will go together to help save the building, if there had only been a fire engine in the village."

"How did the meeting house take fire?" asked Joseph of an old man.

"Some careless boy must have thrown a fire cracker through the window," was the reply.

"But the alarm was given in time to save the building, if there had only been a fire engine in the village."

Richard stopped the terrified horse at a short distance from the fire, on the north side of the church.

"How did the meeting house take fire?" asked James.

"The church was all of wood, and soon the blazing claphouse fell from the glowing timber frame. Joists, braces and beams gleamed in starlight, when the wind, which was blowing strong from the north, drove back the outbursting smoke and flames."

"It was a trifle; it all happened in an instant, but it haunted us for an hour. It's me! Amid the jostle of the great city, those words fell upon the quick ear aloft, and met a glad response."

At that moment there arose an alarming cry on the other side of the church. Richard drove down the south road.

"Deacon Smith's house is afire!" exclaimed Joseph.

This was too true. Deacon Smith's house, situated on the opposite side of the road from the church, had been lighted from the great fire, and now the piazza was all in flames.

"Drive the horse under my shed, and we will go together to help save the building, if there had only been a fire engine in the village."

"It's me! Many there are who would give half their hearts and more than half the hope in them, for one such recognition in this 'wide wide world.' On Changie, in the Directory, at the Post Office, he was known as A. B. C., Esq., but on that threshold, and within those walls, it's me, and nothing more; and what more is there one would love to be?"

"It's me! Many there are who would give half their hearts and more than half the hope in